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The Bad Boy.

BY GEORGE W. PECK.

"What has your pa got his head tied up so for?" asked the groceryman of the bad boy, as he came in the store with a pair of big yarn mittens on, and took up an apple with his month, his hands seeming to be helpless, "and what ails your own hands? I should think you had been on a Fourth of July drunk."

"We haven't been drunk, at least only as drunk as a person can get on lemons. But we have had a serious accident," said the boy, as he held the apple on his arm while he chewed a piece of it. "You see, pa is very patriotic, and he likes to celebrate the glorious Fourth. He brought a lot of fireworks and invited the minister's family and a lot of the deacons' families over to our house, on the evening of the Fourth, to see him set off the fireworks in the yard. He said he would point the rockets the other way, so the sticks would fall upon the just as well as the unjust neighbors. Pa wouldn't let me touch the fireworks, 'cause he said only grown people should handle such things, and he knew all about it. The folks all got out in the yard, the minister in a hammock, his wife in a lawn chair near the hammock, swinging him, ma on the out side cellar door, the deacons and their families scattered around in chairs and on the ground, and my chum and me in a swing. Pa fixed a board to shoot rockets from, and had a box full of fireworks behind a tree, and after telling the ladies to be quiet, he fixed a rocket on the board, put a lot of Roman candles in his coat-tail pocket, gave a few candles to the minister, who laid them down beside him in the hammock, and when all was ready pa touched off the rocket. I shall always think pa put the rocket on the board wrong side up. Anyway, it 'wished,' and burst, and scattered all over our yard, the stick struck ma, who was on the cellar door, in the polonaise, and she yelled and the cellar door fell and let her down cellar. The rocket filled the box of fireworks with fire, and they all began to go off at once, and such a noise and stampee I never heard. The Roman candles in pa's coat-tail pockets began to go off and shoot colored balls up under his coat, and down his trousers, and he yelled that he was stabbed and called for water. The pin wheels began to fly around and one of them got in the hammock with the minister, and touched off his Roman candles, and he got so scared he couldn't get out of the hammock, and he just laid there and yelled. He thought he was dead and had made a mistake and had got to the wrong hereafter, and he didn't seem to realize what was up until a nigger-chaser got after his wife, chased her around a tree and went into her stocking, when she jumped right into the hammock on top of the minister and said, 'Oh Lord save me!' and that tipped the hammock over and spilled them out on the ground into some red dirt that was burning. By that time the rockets in the box got to going and they went off among the deacons and their wives, and the sticks flew everywhere, and some of those cannon fire-crackers got their tails afire, and they went off, and the folks just laid down and blatted. Every few minutes some new fire-works would catch fire, and run among the guests, and pa saw me and my chum in the swing and said, 'Turn the hose on us.' So I grabbed the garden hose which was wetting down the lawn 'tother side of the house, and me and my chum played fire engine, and wet the whole party till the fire was out, and then they all jawed pa 'cause he didn't know anything. Ma wasn't hurt at all, only scared, and we found her down cellar where she had crawled under the kindling wood. Pa had some refreshments on a table on the veranda, that he was going to treat the crowd with, but a pin wheel got in a pall of lemons and a nigger chaser followed it, and chased the pin wheel and lemons around until the lemons smelled like a gun that is breech-burnt and a rocket went in the ice cream freezer and exploded and threw ice cream all over the side of the house just like mortar, and a bunch of fireworks went off in the cake basket and spoiled the flavor of cake. After the fire was out and we stopped playing the hose on them, we found that nobody was burned except pa and me, and his forehead and hair was singed and my hands were burned putting out the minister's wife. The minister's coat was spoiled, and his wife lost one stocking, but they were not hurt. Pa went in the house to put some sweet oil on his head, and he got into the bottle of prepared glue by mistake, and his hair is glued down to his head, and became hard, so it sounds like a board when he hits it with his knuckles, and that is what his head is tied up for. Ma says it will take six weeks to soak that glue off pa's head. Say, do you think it is right for pa to lay it to me? He says if me and my chum had been standing over that box with the hose as we ought to have been, instead of enjoying ourselves in the swing, we could have saved all the trouble, and then pa says if I hadn't changed the glue into the sweet oil bottle, his head wouldn't have been stuck up so."

It just seems to me everything is laid to me."

"Well, it seems as though your presence anywhere was a bad omen," said the groceryman. "You seem to be a regular Jonah."

"I never swallowed a whale in the whole course of my life," said the boy as he went out looking for his chum. —Peck's Sun.

The Bell Garter.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Reporter learned of Mr. T. D. Witt vice-president of the Eugene Jaccard Jewelry Company, and whispered confidentially in his ear. Mr. Witt smiled in a manner that seemed to be decidedly sarcastic, and caused the reporter to remark, "I didn't suppose there was anything in it; in fact, I was positive the report was a stupid canard."

"But it isn't," said Mr. Witt, "and I smiled at the idea of your having taken at least three weeks to get on to the new idea. Catching on? No, it has caught on, and we sell every day several pairs of the tinklers. We are running short of the stock just now, but we shall have a fresh supply in a day or two. Come along and see for yourself."

Mr. Witt led the reporter to a show case, from whose depths he drew a couple of boxes, the lifting of whose lids exposed to view a collection of very handsome garters. As he lifted one of them a musical tintinnabulation fell upon the reporter's ear. The ornamental affair was put under close inspection, when it was discovered that from the silken band depended a tiny silver bell, shaped like a sleigh bell, whose every motion was accompanied by a faint but delightfully melodious tinkle. Mr. Witt, to more fully demonstrate the latest fashionable folly, unlashed the garter, fastened it in position beneath his right knee, and took a dozen steps up the aisle. As he did so the piece of metal inside the bell rattled about in lively fashion, and the musical accompaniment seemed much louder than before.

"And do you really mean to tell me that St. Louis ladies are really wearing these little bells in that—that place?" the reporter asked. Mr. Witt popped the melodious garter back in the box and laughed heartily as he leaned on the show case and asked:

"Why not? They are all the rage down East, especially at the gayer watering places, and I really see no reason why the idea should not take here. There surely is no harm in a lady's adding the delight of melody to the charm of a pretty garter. If the jingle of a belt of sleigh bells gives zest to the enjoyment of a wintry ride, surely the pleasure of a romantic moonlight stroll will be heightened by such palpitations of harmony as a pair of these pretty garter appendages will produce, and then just fancy the mystery of the thing. Of course the sound produced when they are worn is much softer than it appears to us here. It is, as it were, muffled and floats in almost imperceptible sweetness upon the air. Of course, the companion of the lady who wears them is puzzled, and unless he possesses more than ordinary tact, he will, before he knows it, have started a somewhat embarrassing investigation of the source of the novel and incomprehensible sounds. I have known of one or two such awkward occurrences, but then, you know, almost every original fashionable novelty has its drawbacks at the start. As soon as the bell garter becomes better known its presence will not be named by the too eager inquisitiveness of the male companion of restricted social experience."

The gentleman then subjected to a closer scrutiny a pair of specially handsome bell garters, which had been made to the order of a Garrison avenue young lady. The hosiery itself was of beautiful design, but the golden bells which hung from them were of exquisite grace. They were of about the size of a beechnut, but were shaped in imitation of the acorn, the colors of the urbane nut being beautifully imitated in different colored gold. A chain of about an inch in length, each of whose links was a faithful copy, in miniature, of the oak leaf, ended in a pretty catch, which enabled the wearer to disengage it from the garter when necessary.

"I have an idea that the young lady who ordered these doesn't want her ordinarily indulgent papa to know anything about them, as she was very particular to have me understand that she did not want them sent home or charged in her regular account. She promised to call for them and pay cash. She is an ingenious young lady. If you don't believe it, you will when I explain to you why the bells have stopped ringing." Mr. Witt shook the garters about as he spoke, but beyond the sound produced by the rattling of the oak-leaf chain, nothing was heard. Then Mr. Witt showed the reporter that by the touch of a secret spring in the acorn the movable tongue inside was still.

"That," said the reporter, "is to secure safety from discovery, if papa should put in an unexpected appearance?"

"It looks a little that way," said Mr. Witt, adding, "but don't you think it reveals a remarkable amount of ingenuity for a young lady of seventeen?"

If the bell garter becomes as popular as we expect, it will be worth while to take out a patent for the improvement."

Sir Moses Montefiore.

It fairly taxes common credulity and there should now be living in London a wonderfully physically preserved man of full mental vigor who had lived one hundred years last Friday. The man is Sir Moses Montefiore, who is contemporary with the history of a century.

He was five years old in 1789 when Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States—the virtual beginning of our Government. He was a lad of ten when Robespierre was deposed from the Presidency of the first French Republic, was executed in the Reign of Terror ended. He was a young man of twenty when Napoleon I. became Emperor; twenty-three when the first steamboat ran on American waters; thirty-one when Napoleon wound up at Waterloo; a man of thirty-seven when Victoria was born. These are but marking stones in the stream which still hale, hearty old man has seen flow by.

It is wonderful to think of a still surviving man who has lived during the period of the three French Republics and the two Empires with interpolated reigns of three kings; who has been a loyal subject under George III., George IV., William IV., and who was fifty-three years old when Queen Victoria began her reign forty-seven years ago. We call her an old woman, but she is only sixty-five and likely to outlive the Prince of Wales, though she is still a child in comparison with Sir Moses Montefiore.

In this city and elsewhere in the civilized world to-day thousands of people of the Jewish faith will celebrate the centenary of this grand patriarch, and honors will be showered upon him by those not of his religious creed. Such recognition is well deserved from those who appreciate true philanthropy, nobility of character, broad liberality and earnestness of purpose.

The virtues of the distinguished man have always taken practical shape. His charity has been unlimited. He founded in England a Jewish college in memory of his wife Judith, Lady Montefiore, who shared the public esteem with her husband. He travelled to distant lands whenever he heard of oppressions practised on his race, and never failed to ameliorate their condition.

Sir Moses Montefiore has filled a measure of usefulness and benevolence even fuller than his years. Earnestly devoted to the ancient faith in which he was reared, the steadfast object of his life has been to elevate and benefit his people. With one hundred years on his head, and his intellect as clear and bright as during his prime, he may well be regarded with an interest and a reverence second only to that paid to the memory of the inspired prophets of old. To thousands of his race he brought consolation and happiness, and the great clarity he has done in the world entitles him to the respect and affection of people of all religions and all countries.—New York World.

A Prophetic Picture.

"If we need any excuse for an additional word on our side it may be found and furnished in the extraordinary spectacle presented at this moment before the American people, when the candidate of the Democratic party, in wild despair at the result of the State elections, is traveling through the country on express trains at the rate of thirty miles an hour, with disheveled hair and wild companions, engaged in the hopeless task of reviving the impaired constitution of the Democratic party. * * * One Presidential candidate making a fool of himself at the rate of thirty miles an hour is quiet enough." —Speech by James G. Blaine in Brooklyn Academy of Music, 1868.

Polk Laffoon.

The friends of this promising young gentleman, and there are worlds of them, will be rejoiced to learn that after the November election he will be hailed as the representative elect in Congress from the 2nd Congressional district of Kentucky. There is not a solitary gentleman in the State more deserving of the honor than Polk Laffoon and none at whose good fortune we more sincerely rejoice. The canvass he has recently made with Mr. Clay, has given him a wide reputation all over the State, and he will enter upon the discharge of his duties in the House of Federal Representatives with as bright prospects as any young man in the State has ever enjoyed.—Old Guard.

It is a singular coincidence that Mr. Laffoon's majority is exactly the same as his vote in Henderson county—188.—Owensboro Messenger.

Damages in Both Ways.

Sickness is the most expensive thing in the world. In two ways: it puts one to direct cost, and prevents one from earning money by his labor. We say nothing of suffering, for money cannot pay for that. How much better to keep oneself well by the use of Parker's Tonic whenever there is the slightest sign of ill health. 87 ct

SCINTILLATIONS.

The political enigma of the day is how Blaine and Mulholland ever got on different tickets.—Frankfort Capital.

Henrietta, Mich., has a ladies' brass band. The artist on the bass drum is said to wear bangs.—Somerville Journal.

"Tis madness to defer," said the poet. Had he been married he would have written, "Tis madness to differ."—Philadelphia Call.

Susan Smith has just been married to Solomon Gloomy. It looks kind of natural that Susan's life will be solemn and gloomy.—State Journal.

Don Platt says: "Muscleans are not made, they are born." This is no doubt true, but it is also a fact that a good deal of suffering is borne by their hearers.—Boston Post.

A young woman has been found in New York who can sing baritone, tenor, soprano and contralto. What a splendid hand she must be at breaking up concert parties.—Burlington Free Press.

"That refrigerator," said a man who had just carried it to another part of the cellar, "that refrigerator is like the girl who refused me last evening."

"Why so?" asked the assistant. "Because it gave me a cold shoulder."—N. Y. Journal.

An alleged funny item is on its travels which says that the best church for a man to attend is New Hope. This may be a very deep and pointed Christian joke, but there are gentlemen in this city (members of a late Sunday school class, of which Brother Joseph H. Lewis was teacher) who remember a visit to a New Hope Church, near Dallas, Ga., twenty years ago, who will say that it was anything but a pleasant place. In fact, out of some 800 scholars who attended that reunion, some 200 remain there to this day.—Sunday Argus.

An Editor's Experience.

After trying numerous remedies for Rheumatism, but without permanent relief, I was advised to use S. S. S., which had given permanent relief to others suffering from Rheumatism. After taking half a dozen bottles I found that the disease was entirely driven out of my system, and a permanent cure secured. This was over a year ago, and since then, even during our most severe weather, with sudden changes, I have never suffered a return of the old attack which disabled me from editorial work.

It is very seldom, indeed, that I recommend anything to the public in this manner, but I feel it due to your valuable preparation that has given me such long desired and much needed relief, to state these facts thus publicly. I am sure that but for your Specific, I should have been laid aside from journalistic work, as the severest attack was in my right arm and hand.

SINCEY HENBERT, Atlanta, Ga.
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New York, Oct. 19.—Reliable information that has slipped from the Republican National Committee is to the effect that the Republicans have abandoned all hope of carrying New York. The entire machinery of the party recently operated in Ohio is to be turned into Indiana. No money will be spent in New York, but no efforts will be spared to purchase Indiana and other doubtful States. The claim of New York will still be kept up, but only for effect. Indiana is now the Republicans' principal objective. Dudley and Filley spent in Ohio \$200,000 in addition to what the regular committee expended. There is evident uneasiness at the Republican headquarters. All the Ohio practices, including Deputy Marshals and imported voters, are to be employed in Indiana.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The latest things in weddings is co-operative. An enterprising Southern city has developed the idea and put it into practical shape. A number of maidens fix upon the same day and all go to church together, taking their bridegrooms with them. One service, one officiating priest, one retinue, one organist and one wedding breakfast answer for all, and on the score of economy the plan is an admirable one. There are, however, several other reasons plausibly advanced in this Southern community why the co-operative marriage is advisable, and not the least of which is it stimulates matrimony.—Ex.

Judge Foraker promised the Chicago Convention that, if it would nominate Blaine, Ohio would give a Republican majority of 50,000 in October. Blaine was nominated, but Ohio's October majority turns out to be a minority, and the plurality is 9,000 short of that four years ago. The Judge appears to have again bit off more than he could chew.—Louisville Times.

Dr. Samuel Hodge's Sarsaparilla and iodine is a sure cure for rheumatism, scrofula, scald head or tetter, chronic sores of all kind or any disease arising from impurity of the blood. You can get a trial bottle at J. R. Armistead's, G. E. Gaither's or Gish & Garner's.

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